# B. A. DEGREE EXAMINATION, APRIL 2018 <br> BRANCH XII - ENGLISH <br> SECOND SEMESTER 

COURSE : MAJOR - CORE
PAPER : LITERARY CRITICISM - I
TIME : 3 HOURS
MAX. MARKS : 100

## SECTION A

I. Answer any three of the following in about 200 words each.

1. What is the primary goal of art in Classical Indian aesthetics? Discuss with reference to the Natyasastra.
2. Explain the terms vates and poiein.
3. What are the constituents of a well constructed plot in Aristotelian theory?
4. Discuss Coleridge's views on "the poet in ideal perfection."
5. Why does Dr. Johnson praise Shakespeare as the Poet of Nature?

## SECTION B

II. Answer any two of the following in about $\mathbf{6 0 0}$ words each.
6. All the parts of an epic are included in tragedy. Elaborate with reference to Aristotle's Poetics.
7. Discuss Dr. Johnson's analysis of Shakespeare's characters with examples from your reading of Shakespeare's plays.
8. How does Coleridge distinguish between the two distinct faculties of the mind?
9. Can Arnold's Touchstone method lead to "disinterested" analysis of literary works?

Debate.

## SECTION C

III. Analyse any one of the following passages in about 500 words.

Kuruntokai 3 - What She Said by Tevakulattar
(Translated by A. K. Ramanujan )
Bigger than earth, certainly,
higher than the sky,
more unfathomable than the waters
is this love for this man
of the mountain slopes
where bees make rich honey
from the flowers of the kurinci that has such black stalks.
(Tamil Aham Tradition- the landscape and the interior landscape- season and time - animals, birds, music- connotative use of language)
(OR)

## From Shakespeare's Othello (Act V, Scene ii)

EMILIA
O thou dull Moor! that handkerchief thou speak'st of
I found by fortune and did give my husband;
For often, with a solemn earnestness,
More than indeed belong'd to such a trifle, He begg'd of me to steal it.
She give it Cassio! no, alas! I found it, And I did give't my husband.

## IAGO

Filth, thou liest!
EMILIA
By heaven, I do not, I do not, gentlemen.
O murderous coxcomb! what should such a fool
Do with so good a woman?

## OTHELLO

Are there no stones in heaven
But what serve for the thunder?--Precious villain!
He runs at IAGO, IAGO, from behind, stabs EMILIA, and exit

## OTHELLO

Behold, I have a weapon;
A better never did itself sustain
Upon a soldier's thigh: I have seen the day,
That, with this little arm and this good sword,
I have made my way through more impediments
Than twenty times your stop: but, O vain boast!
Who can control his fate? 'tis not so now.
Be not afraid, though you do see me weapon'd;
Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,
And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.
Do you go back dismay'd? 'tis a lost fear;
Man but a rush against Othello's breast,
And he retires. Where should Othello go?

Now, how dost thou look now? O ill-starr'd wench!
Pale as thy smock! when we shall meet at compt,
This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,
And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl!
Even like thy chastity. O cursed slave!
Whip me, ye devils,
From the possession of this heavenly sight!
Blow me about in winds! roast me in sulphur!
Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire!
O Desdemona! Desdemona! dead!
Oh! Oh! Oh!

